

INKSPOT

Written by Lucas Larkin

FADE IN:

EXT. MAJOR CITY - MAIN STREET - DAY

Scores of people look to the skies. Among the skyscrapers, a whirlwind forms. Bolts of lightning spit out from the eye of the storm.

A GARGOYLE flies out of portal. It leads an army of other men and women in colorful outfits some who ride on flying monster-ish locusts. Those who do not ride on the creatures fly on their own.

The Gargoyle lands in the street. The masses keep their distance. POLICE CARS arrive. Various officers draw guns.

Gargoyle lifts a car over his head. Arches back.

NEWS FOOTAGE SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The car rolls several times over.

B) Police retreat as giant locusts zoom by.

C) A building on fire.

D) One of the costumed freaks, a tall, attractive woman in her late 20s. Suit of yellow and orange. Orange eye mask. Grabs a parking meter. MELTS it with a firm grip.

E) Giant locusts gather in a colony on top of a skyscraper's roof.

F) BLUE CRICKET, a 30ish bodybuilder type decked out in a blue and green costume, steps up to a SIX YEAR OLD BOY. Blue Cricket smiles as he swipes a fruit pie snack out of the boy's hands.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

When we think of the apocalypse,
we might think plagues, biblical
doom or even zombie fiction.

INT. LUCAS LARKIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

An average apartment, but decorated with framed posters of a graphic novel cover called *House Of The Haunted* by Lucas Larkin, and a rock poster of musician George Thorogood.

A trophy "paintball champion 2008" in a glass case.

One big broken window. Dried splashes of ink and paint around the edges.

The TV set is on. Additional footage of destruction and panic. A fuzzy picture of the Gargoyle.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Instead, it may be what many consider to be actual comic book super villains, led by The Vile.

LUCAS LARKIN (latte 20s) wears a *Quixote Comics* T- shirt. He slips on a snakeskin jacket, like his rock idol.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

For the last two weeks, Vile's army has left a wake of destruction, theft and killings.

Lucas squats down by a closet door, pulls out a trunk.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

Vile and his army have overwhelmed the police and firefighter crews, and have threatened the press who dare to ask the obvious question.

Lucas opens the trunk, stares at the contents within. Thinks about it.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

Where are the heroes?

Lucas slips on a cloth glove, streaked in dried white paint.

EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

Lucas walks past scenes of destruction and vandalism. Two BYSTANDERS (men, mid 20s) burst out from the alleys. They don't dare go out in the open.

BYSTANDER ONE

Hey, buddy, you got a death wish or something?

LUCAS

Going to work.

BYSTANDER ONE

You should get out of the street. Might run into that Madame Melt or one those other crazy characters.

LUCAS

I'll be fine.

BYSTANDER ONE

Your funeral. What do you do, anyway? You a cop or something?

LUCAS

No. I'm a comic book artist.

Points to his T shirt.

LUCAS

I work for Quixote comics.

BYSTANDER ONE

You know those clowns are cracking down on the press, right?

LUCAS

I'm an artist.

BYSTANDER ONE

Yeah. "The Press".

INT. QUIXOTE COMICS - DAY

An office area with computers, artist tables. Trashed. Sketches and ink drawings litter every which way. Broken glass windows. Three PEOPLE knocked out on the floor. SARAH (20s) hides under one of the desks.

Lucas strolls in. He does a double-take at the condition of the workplace.

Knocks on the desk above Sarah.

SARAH

Lucas, what are you doing?

LUCAS

What are *you* doing?

SARAH

Hiding.

She nods her head over to the EDITOR'S OFFICE. Through the busted glass door, Lucas sees the problem.

Blue Cricket menaces ROB (50s) who, sprawled out on the floor, raises his hands in surrender. An unseen force stands Rob up and pushes him halfway out of a window.

SARAH
From The Blue Cricket.

LUCAS
Cricket. He come in one of those
giant bugs?

SARAH
I didn't check to see--Luke, stay
back!

Lucas steps through the door - what's left of it.

Blue Cricket has one hand pointed at Rob, who squirms to
get back inside.

BLUE CRICKET
Leave unless you want some.

LUCAS
Let him go.

BLUE CRICKET
You some kind of superhero?

LUCAS
No. But that's my boss. My friend.

Blue Cricket lowers his arm. Rob flops to the floor.
Catches his breath. Blue Cricket turns, stares down
Lucas. Motions for Lucas to come closer.

With his right pinky, Blue Cricket taps Rob's desk. The
desk cracks in two.

BLUE CRICKET
Anyone who writes about or draws
heroes from this day on, or
publishes such things, won't get
another warning. They are just
going to die.

LUCAS
Then I got nothing to worry about.
I write and draw House of The
Haunted.

BLUE CRICKET
You don't get it. The city is
ours. We don't want any propaganda
coming out from anywhere, giving
people dumb ideas.

Blue Cricket steps up, gets in Lucas' face.

BLUE CRICKET

Lose the job or lose your life.
Pretty simple. What'cha got under
that jacket?

LUCAS

Secret weapons.

Blue Cricket laughs, lays a hand on Lucas' shoulder.

BLUE CRICKET

Want to be a hero? You're about to
die like one.

ROB

Back off, Luke.

BLUE CRICKET

Yeah, "Lukie". Better back off.

LUCAS

Afraid not.

Infuriated, Blue Cricket draws back his hand, ready to
knock Lucas' head off his shoulders. Lucas zips out the
two plastic guns and fires away.

Splashes of INK and PAINT decorate Blue Cricket's
costume. Blue Cricket sputters backward, stunned at this
revelation.

BLUE CRICKET

Okay. That's just wrong. You have
any idea what it takes to get this
things back from the dry clean?

Lucas fires another inkspot right between Blue Cricket's
eyes. Blue Cricket falls backwards, unable to see.

BLUE CRICKET

The mask! Not the mask!

Blue Cricket waves his hand, as if to use a mental power
like he did with Rob. The action barely causes a
vibration.

LUCAS

Did I just block your superpower
or something? I just did this to
tick someone like you off -

BLUE CRICKET

You ruined my suit!

SARAH (O.S.)
Splash him again!

Lucas complies. It's more than Blue Cricket can take. The villain screams...

INT. LUCAS LARKIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TITLE : LAST NIGHT

A head of a giant locust caught in Lucas' main window. Lucas, crawls away, backs into his easel. Paint and ink jars fall beside him. Frantic, Lucas tosses the bottles at the monster. They all hit home.

And the open ink bottle BURNS the giant insect. Lucas, amazed at the discovery, watches the insect's giant head detach from its body.

The head falls out of the window is a slimy mess.

Lucas races to his window, looks down to the street. Looks around. No witnesses.

Picks up one of open ink bottles.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Lucas loads up a pair of squirt guns. One with black ink. The other with yellow paint.

B) Puts the guns in the trunk. Closes the closet door.

C) Up all night. Sits at his table. Thinks to himself, On a piece of sketch paper, he scribbles down a series of words and names. Stares at the empty ink bottle. Gives him an idea, and he smiles.

D) Dips a pair of cloth gloves in a tray of white paint.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. QUIXOTE COMICS - OFFICE - DAY

Blue Cricket takes a swing at Lucas, who counter punches with the painted white glove. Blue Cricket, on the floor. Hands up in surrender, Genuine fear.

LUCAS

I'd keep that outfit on. This combination was like acid on those big bugs. It decreases your powers. Who knows what else.

BLUE CRICKET

You work here?

LUCAS

Since you trashed the place, it looks like I'm out of a job for awhile, but then again, maybe I have a new one. Right?

From outside the office, Sarah stands, geeks out.

SARAH

Right!

All eyes fall on Sarah. Including Blue Cricket's.

SARAH

Well, I didn't quite mean it like that. I always liked working with you, liked working here and - okay, I'll zip it for now.

Lucas, about to say something -

SARAH

I'm sorry. It's just, y' know, a comic book artist becoming a superhero, it's just cool, y'know? Thought up a codename yet?

LUCAS

Yeah. I got one.

ROB

Well, what is it?

Lucas stands Blue Cricket up, presses him to the wall. Shoves one ink gun in the chest.

LUCAS

It's Inkspot.

SARAH

Inkspot? That's what you came up with? Why not "The Exterminator?" Something way cool, y'know? Or that magician fella from House of The haunted?

BLUE CRICKET

Yeah, Inkspot doesn't sound all that impressive.

LUCAS

So says The Blue Cricket.

BLUE CRICKET

So what happens now? You just put me in jail.

LUCAS

Put you somewhere.

BLUE CRICKET

I'll get out. And my friends will come for you "Ink".

LUCAS

Then I'll find me a team.

SARAH

Put an ad on craigs list or reddit!

Lucas glances to her.

SARAH

Just trying to help.

LUCAS

Want to help? Help me tie him up. I got this crazy idea.

ROB

How crazy?

LUCAS

Insane.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF- DAY

Lucas strolls in bewtten the hordes of giant locusts. They surround him. He readies his paint guns.

LATER THAT DAY

The carnage of half dissected giant bugs left and right, splotches of colored paint and ink all around. Chained up in the center of the mess is Blue Cricket, with a note taped to his chest. An INKSPOT.

FADE OUT.

